of Henry's face—its extreme refinement. Whistler's Philip probably seemed to him not nearly showy enough,

Whistler I knew long before he painted the Philip. He gave me the most lovely dinner-set of blue and white Nanking that any woman ever possessed, and a set of Venetian glass, too good for a world where glass is broken. He sent rny little girl a tiny Japanese kimono when Liberty was hardly a name. Many of his friends were my friends. He was with the dearest of those friends when he died.

The most remarkable men I have known were, without a doubt, Whistler and Oscar Wilde. This does not imply that I liked them better or admired them more than the others, but there was something about both of them more instantaneously individual and audacious than it is possible to describe.

When I went with Coghlan to see Henry Irving's Philip I was no stranger to his acting, I had been present with Tom Taylor, then dramatic critic of *The Times,* at the famous first night at the Lyceum in 1874, when Henry Irving put his fortune, counted not in gold, but in years of scorned delights and laborious days—years of constant study-, and reflection, of Spartan self-denial, and deep melancholy—I was present when he put it all to the touch " to win*or lose it all." This is no exaggeration. Hamlet was by fair the greatest part that he had ever played, or was ever to play. If he had failed—but why pursue it ?% He could not fail.

Yet the success on the first night at the Lyceum in 1874 was not of that electrical, almost hysterical splendour which lias greeted the momentous achievements of

some actors. The first two acts were received with indifference. The people could not see how packed they were with superb acting—perhaps because the new Hamlet was so simple, so quiet, so free from the exhibition of actors' artifices,